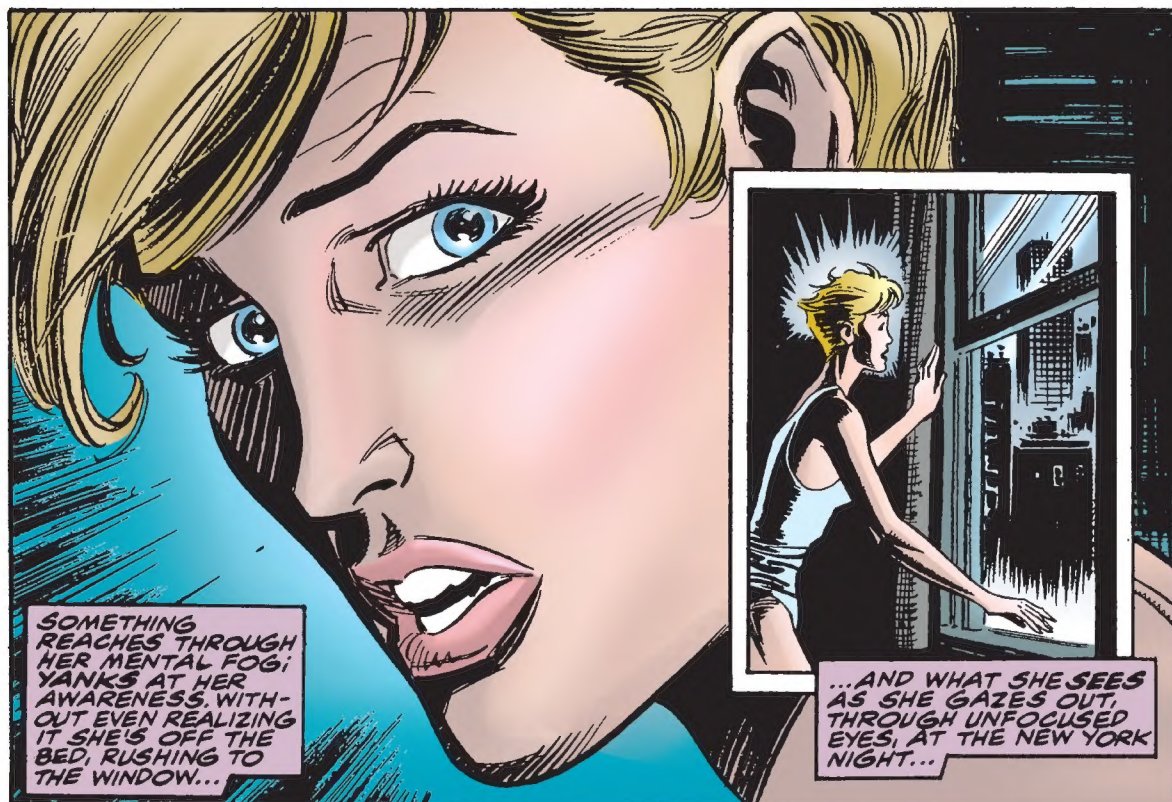
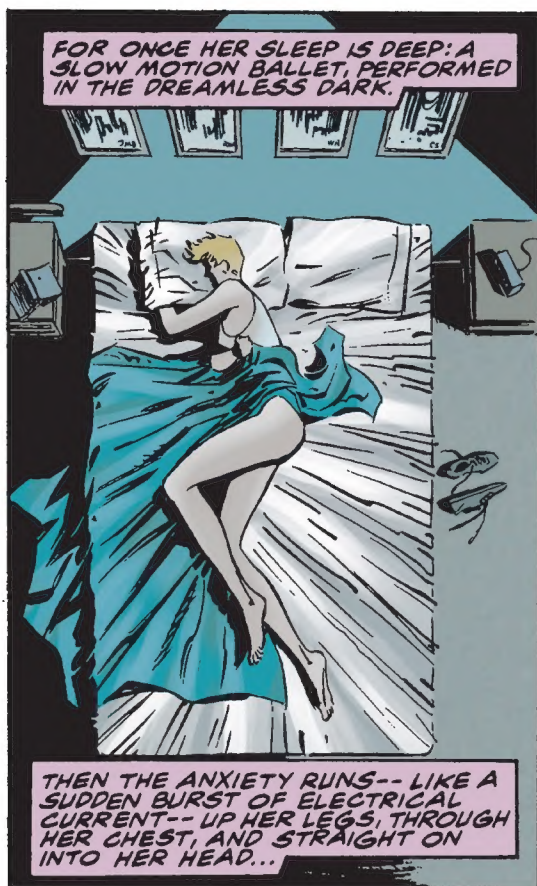


# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

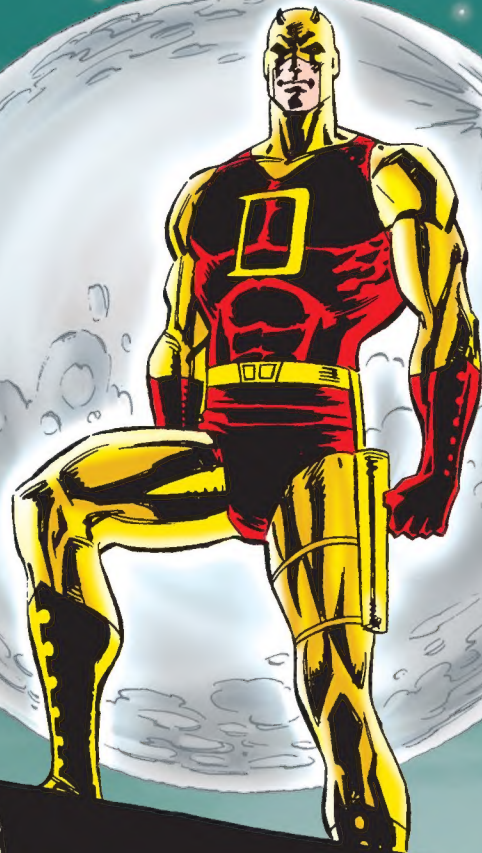








...IS ENOUGH TO  
CONVINCE HER  
THAT SHE MUST  
STILL BE ASLEEP.



FOR THERE STANDS  
AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

AN ECHO.  
A PHANTOM.

A LIE.

Stan Lee presents

# DAREDEVIL

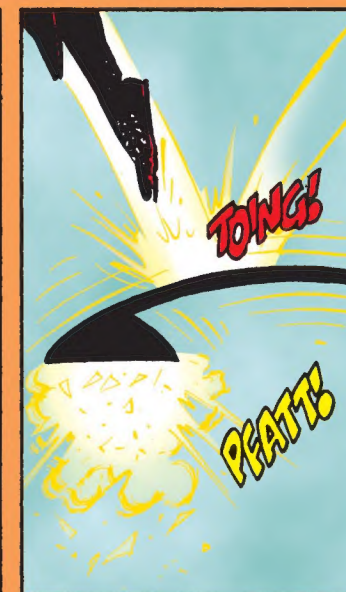
IN

# INFERNO

PART ONE

J.M. DEMATTEIS, WRITER \* RON WAGNER, PENCILER \* BILL REINHOLD, INKER  
JIM NOVAK, LETTERER \* CHRISTIE SCHEELE, COLORIST \* JAMES FELDER, EDITOR  
BOBBIE CHASE, EDITOR IN CHIEF \* MALIBU, COMPUTER COLOR

MATT...?



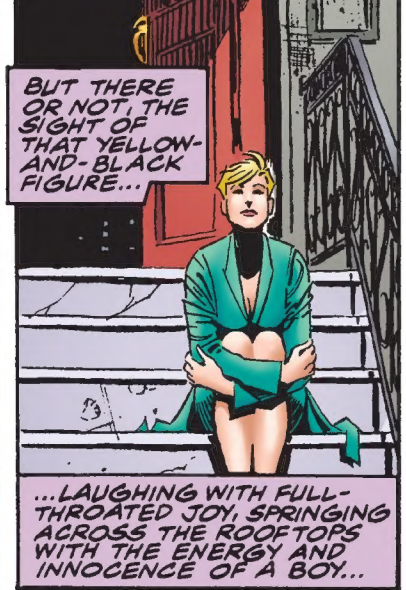




HE'S GONE...

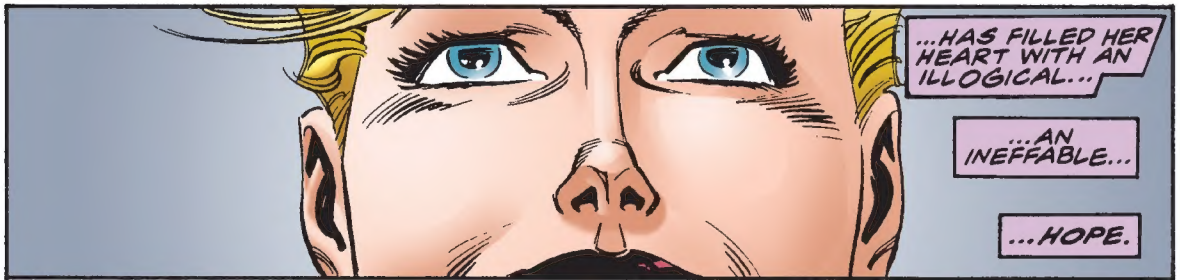


...IF HE WAS EVER TRULY THERE.



BUT THERE OR NOT, THE SIGHT OF THAT YELLOW-AND-BLACK FIGURE...

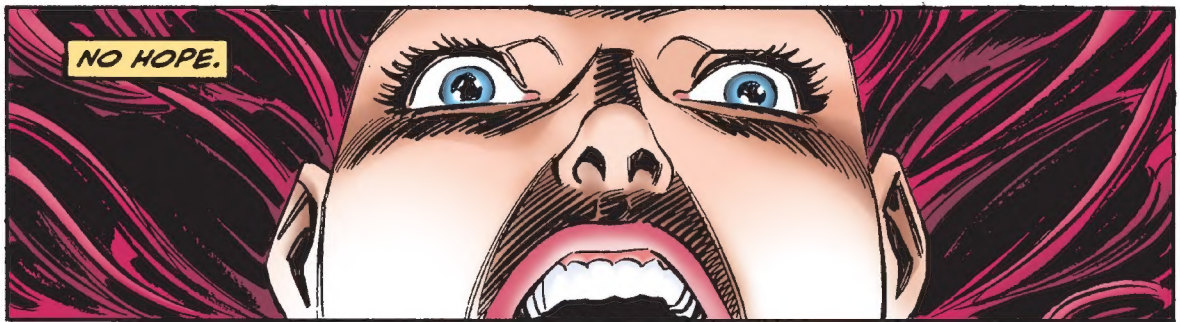
...LAUGHING WITH FULL-THROATED JOY, SPRINGING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS WITH THE ENERGY AND INNOCENCE OF A BOY...



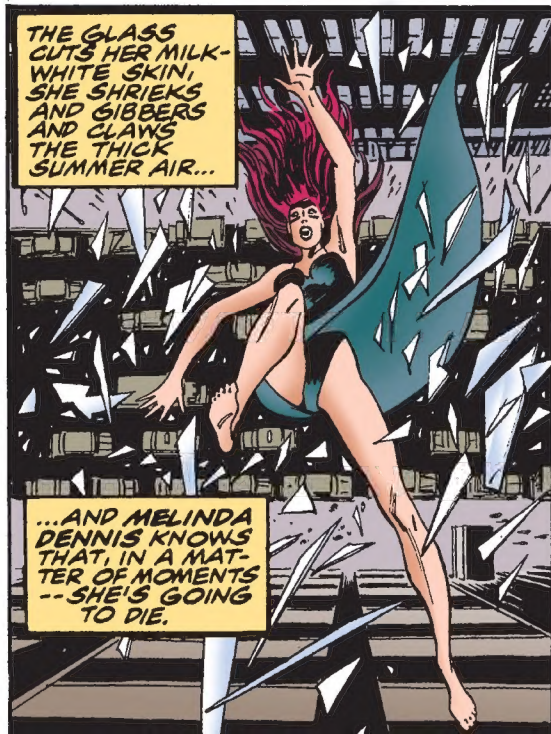
...HAS FILLED HER HEART WITH AN ILLOGICAL...

...AN INEFFABLE...

...HOPE.

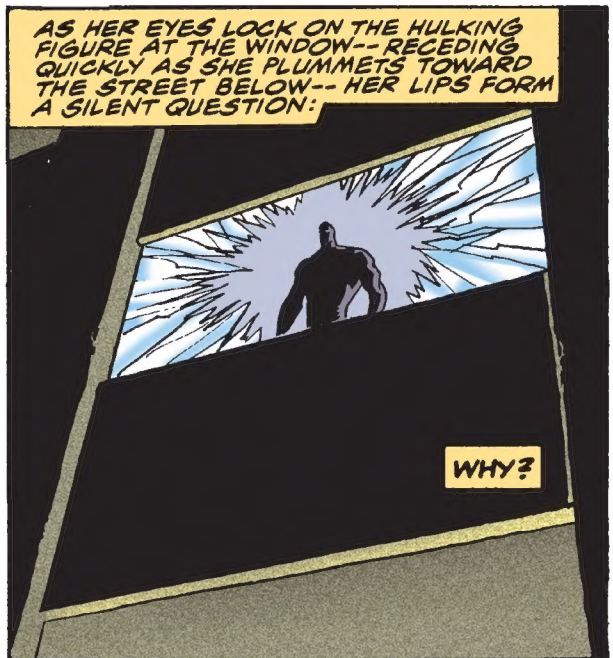


NO HOPE.



THE GLASS CUTS HER MILK-WHITE SKIN, SHE SHRIEKS AND GIBBERS AND CLAWS THE THICK SUMMER AIR...

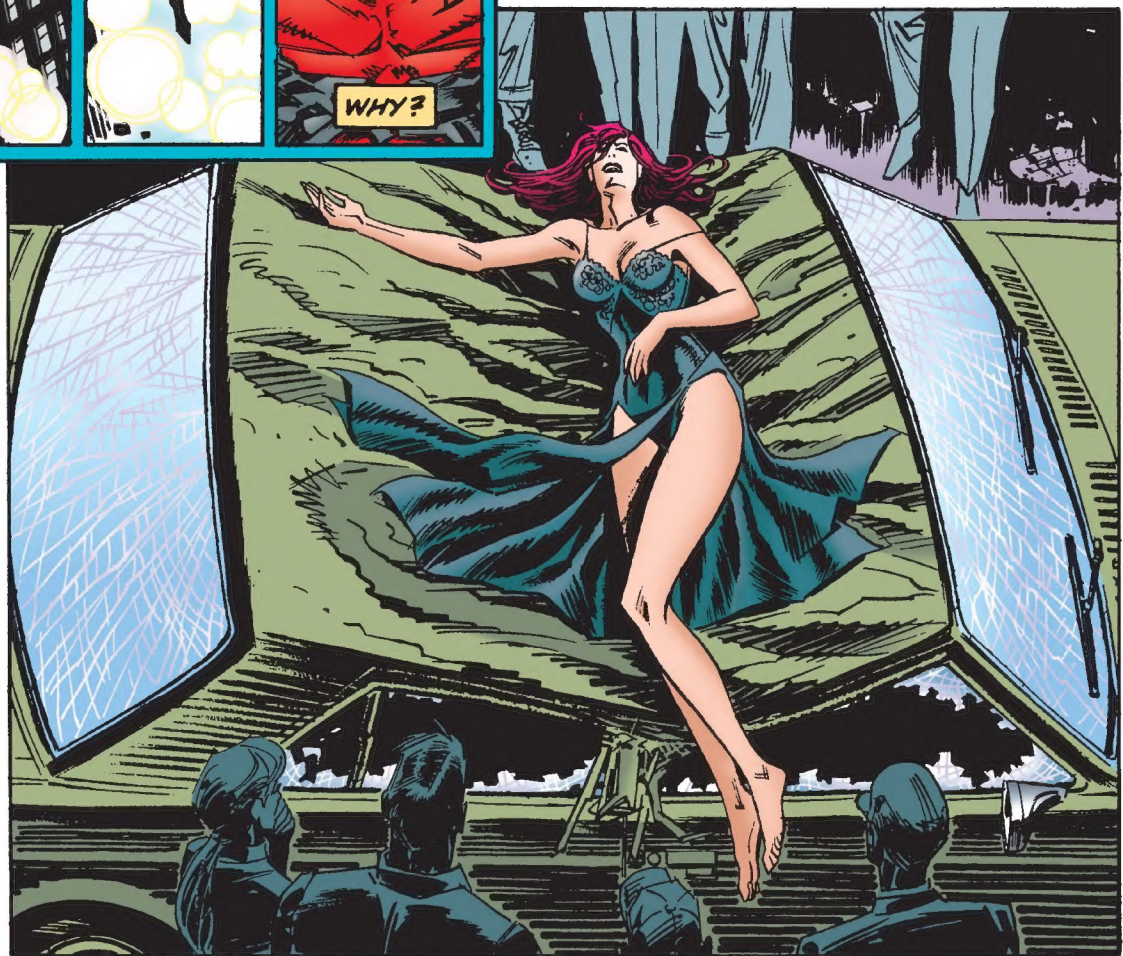
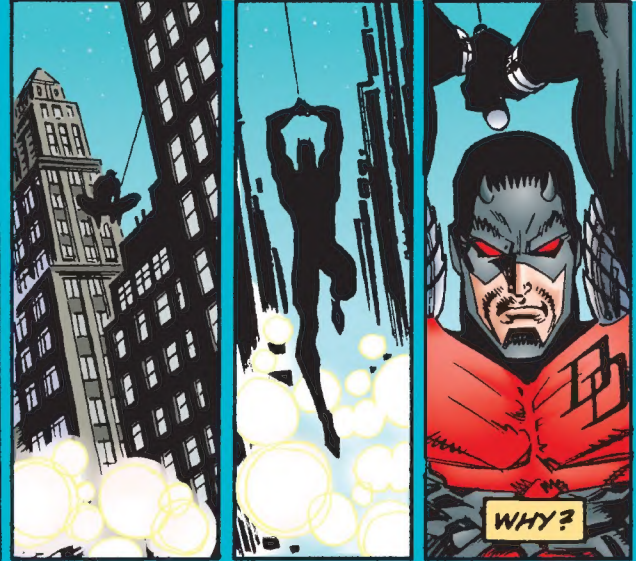
...AND MELINDA DENNIS KNOWS THAT, IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS -- SHE'S GOING TO DIE.



AS HER EYES LOCK ON THE HULKING FIGURE AT THE WINDOW--RECEDING QUICKLY AS SHE PLUMMETS TOWARD THE STREET BELOW--HER LIPS FORM A SILENT QUESTION:

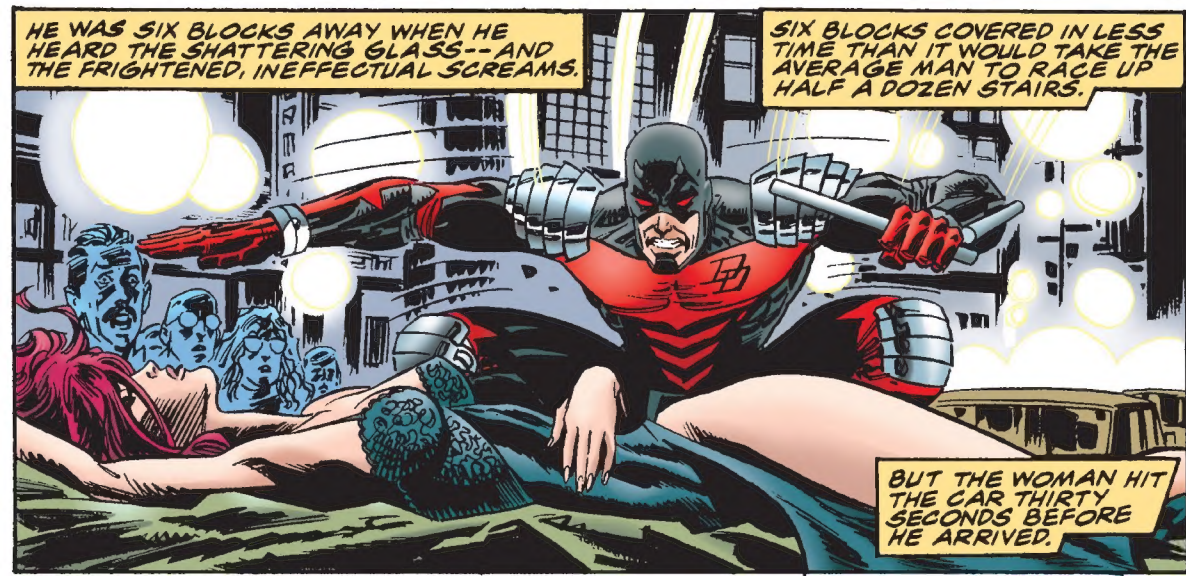
WHY?





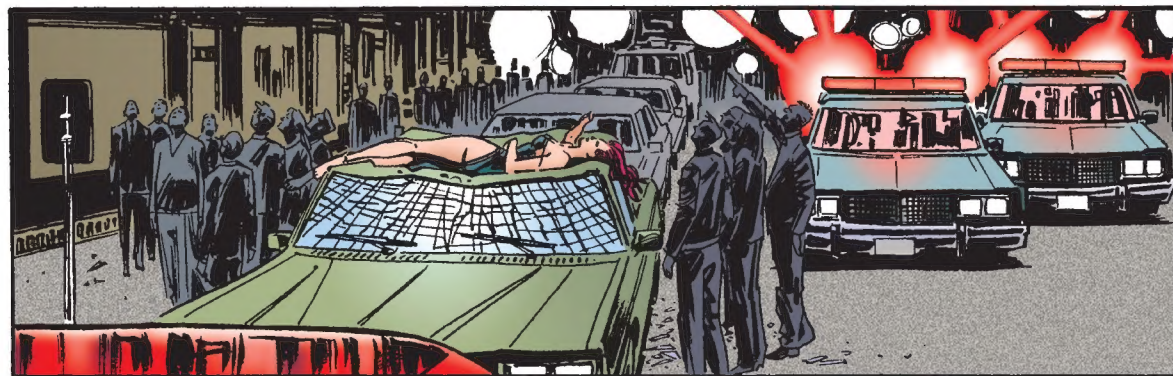
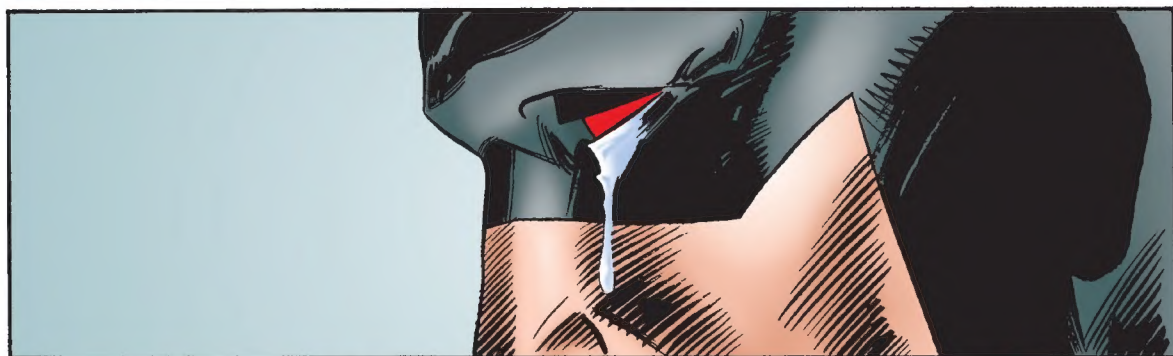
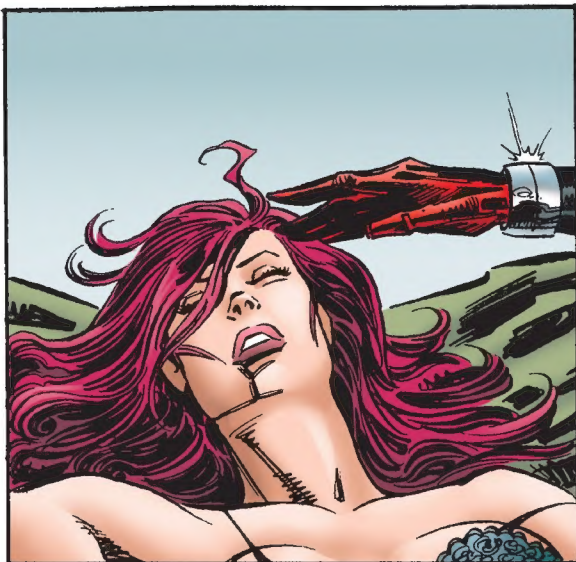
HE WAS SIX BLOCKS AWAY WHEN HE HEARD THE SHATTERING GLASS-- AND THE FRIGHTENED, INEFFECTUAL SCREAMS.

SIX BLOCKS COVERED IN LESS TIME THAN IT WOULD TAKE THE AVERAGE MAN TO RACE UP HALF A DOZEN STAIRS.



BUT THE WOMAN HIT THE CAR THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE HE ARRIVED.





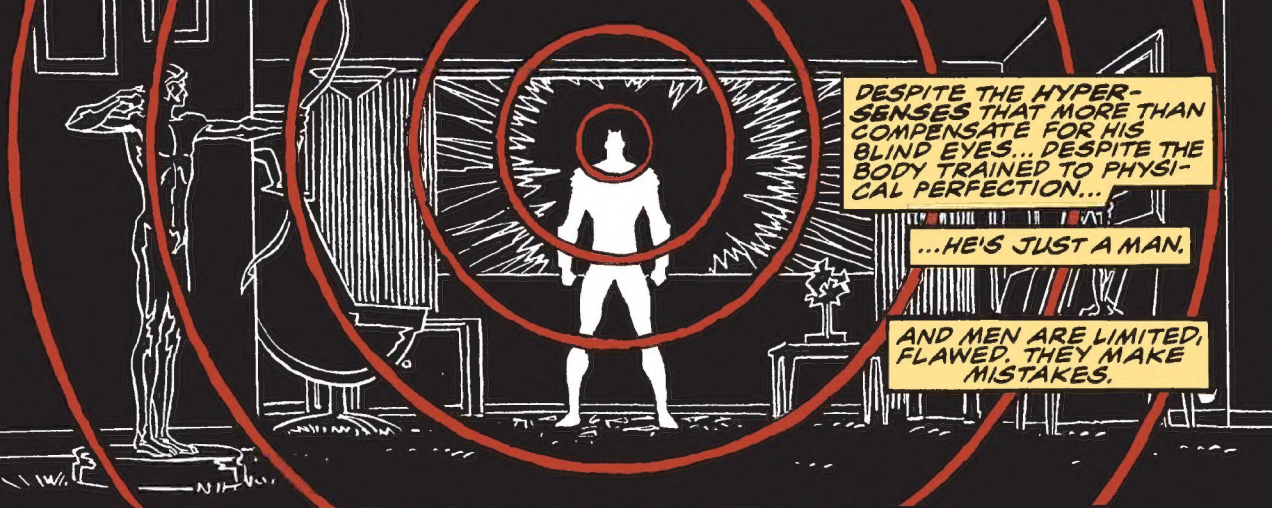
IT'S NOT FAIR.

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE HER. THAT'S WHY HE WEARS THE SUIT, ISN'T IT? BECAUSE HE'S A HERO? BECAUSE HE CAN SUCCEED WHERE OTHER PEOPLE CAN'T?



SOMETIMES, YES; BUT NOT ALL THE TIME.

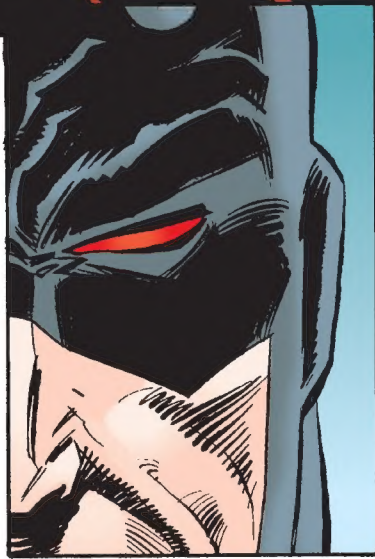




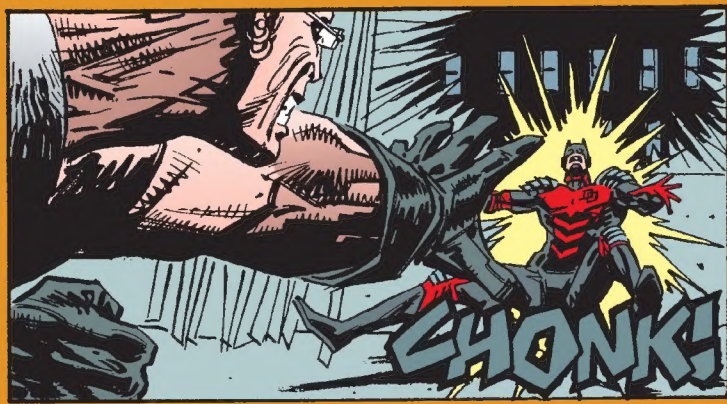
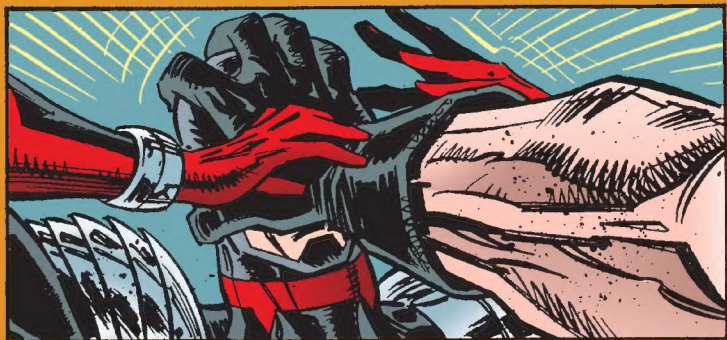
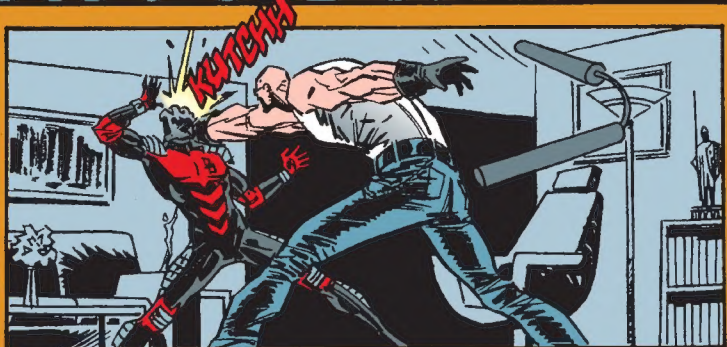
DESPITE THE HYPER-  
SENSSES THAT MORE THAN  
COMPENSATE FOR HIS  
BLIND EYES... DESPITE THE  
BODY TRAINED TO PHYSI-  
CAL PERFECTION...

...HE'S JUST A MAN.

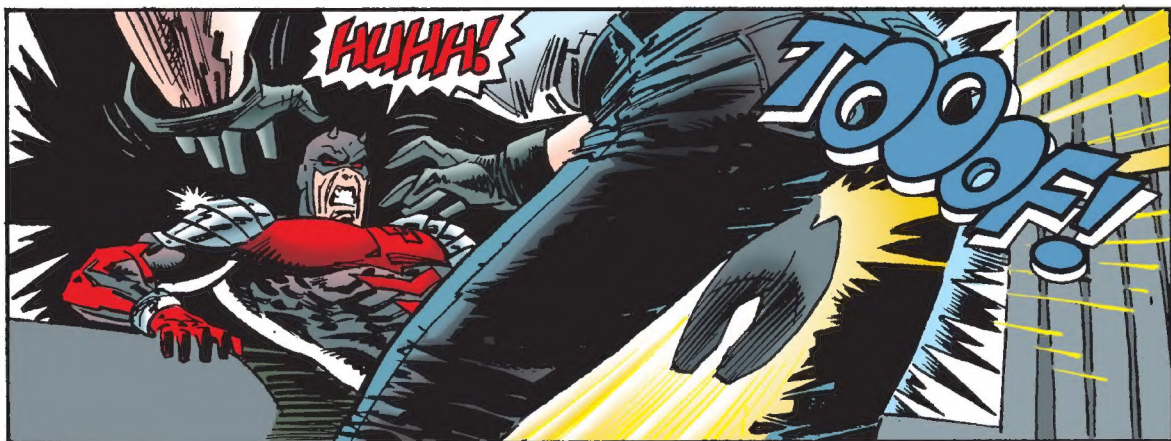
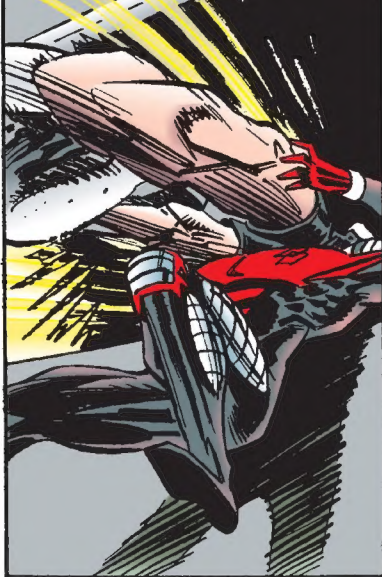
AND MEN ARE LIMITED,  
FLAWED. THEY MAKE  
MISTAKES.



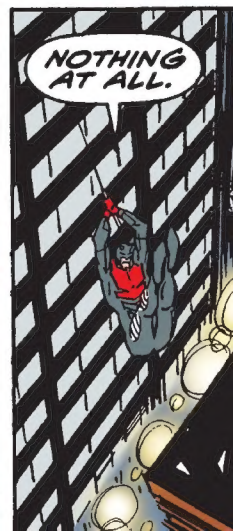












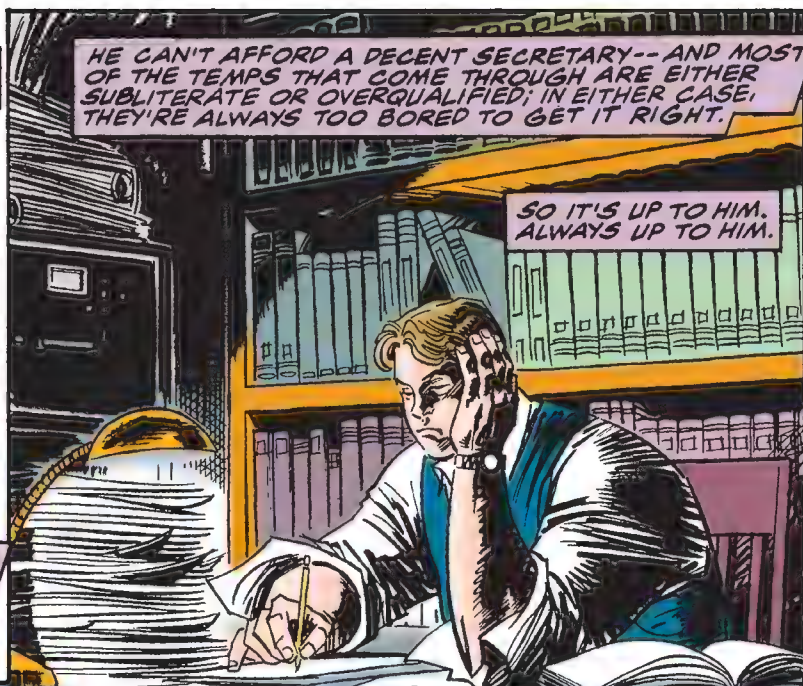


HE LOVES THE LAW BUT  
HATES THE PAPERWORK.  
IT'S LIKE BEING IN  
SCHOOL AGAIN. IT'S  
LIKE HOMEWORK.



AND FRANKLIN NELSON  
WASN'T VERY GOOD AT  
GETTING THAT IN ON  
TIME, EITHER.

HE CAN'T AFFORD A DECENT SECRETARY-- AND MOST  
OF THE TEMPS THAT COME THROUGH ARE EITHER  
SUBLITERATE OR OVERQUALIFIED; IN EITHER CASE,  
THEY'RE ALWAYS TOO BORED TO GET IT RIGHT.



SO IT'S UP TO HIM.  
ALWAYS UP TO HIM.

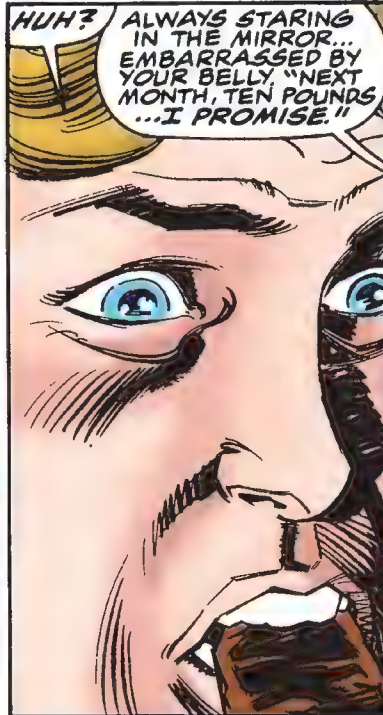
HE REMEMBERS A TIME WHEN  
HE WASN'T ALONE, WHEN THE  
FIRM WAS A PARTNERSHIP:  
NELSON AND MURDOCK, FOGGY  
AND MATT. THE GOOD OLD DAYS,  
HE MUSES-- BEFORE REMINDING  
HIMSELF THAT THEY WEREN'T  
ALWAYS SO GOOD...



...AND THEY ENDED  
PRETTY BADLY.

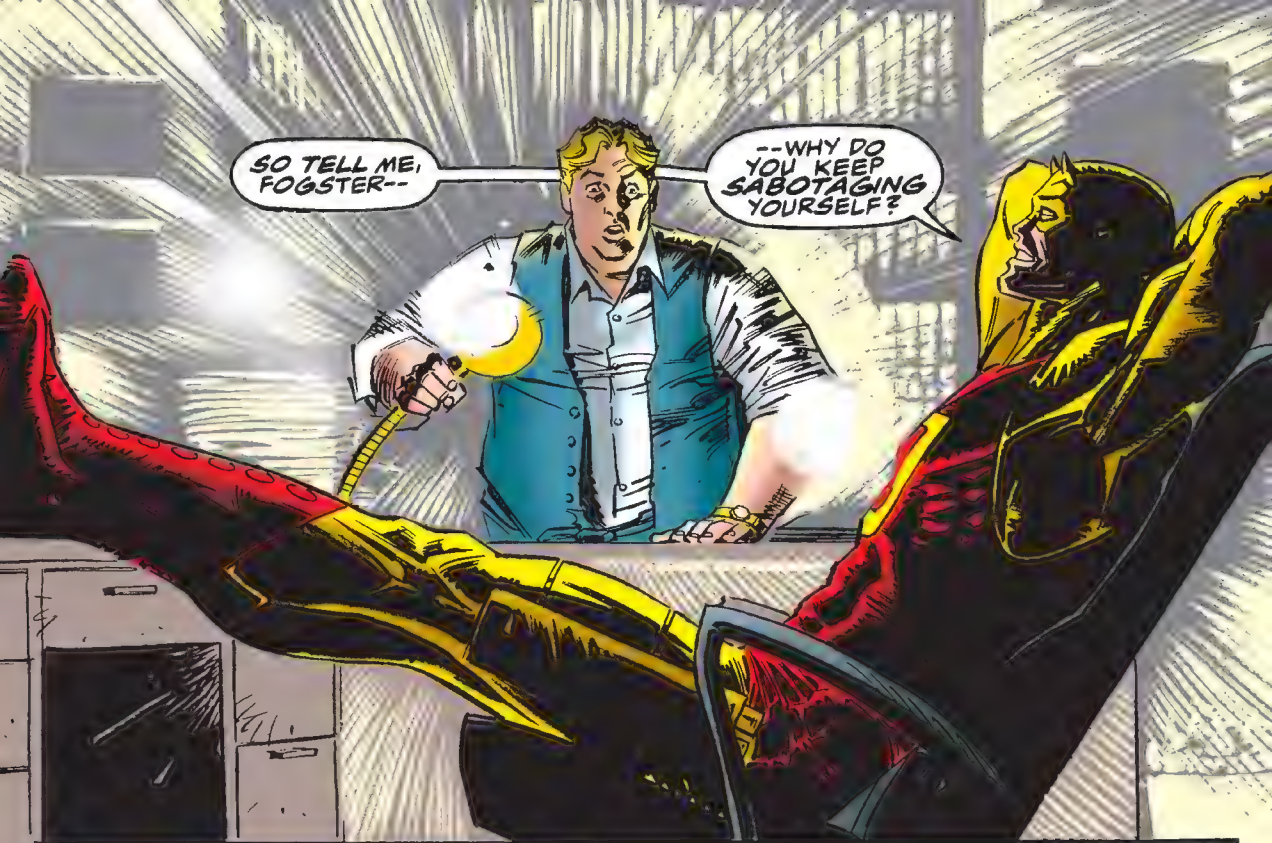


BEEN WRESTLING  
WITH YOUR WEIGHT  
YOUR WHOLE LIFE,  
HAVEN'T YOU?



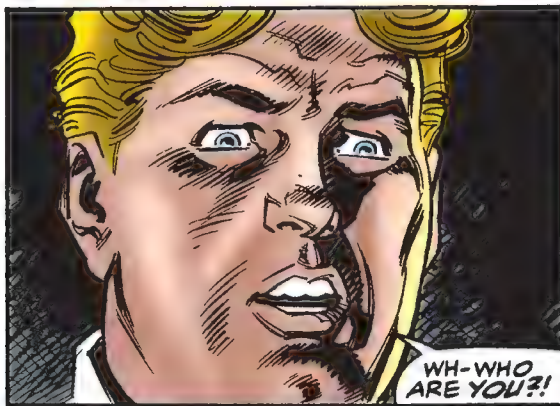
HUH? ALWAYS STARING  
IN THE MIRROR...  
EMBARRASSED BY  
YOUR BELLY. "NEXT  
MONTH, TEN POUNDS  
...I PROMISE."



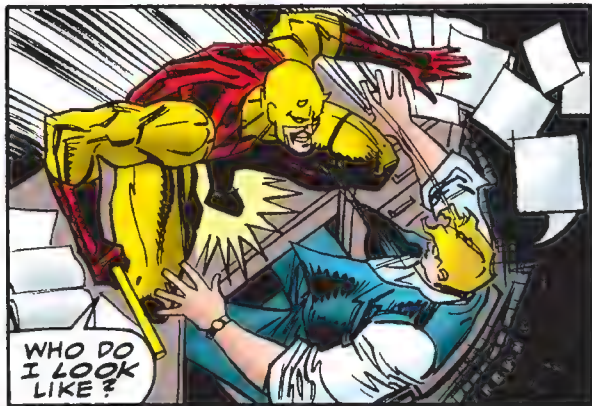


SO TELL ME, FOGSTER--

--WHY DO YOU KEEP SABOTAGING YOURSELF?

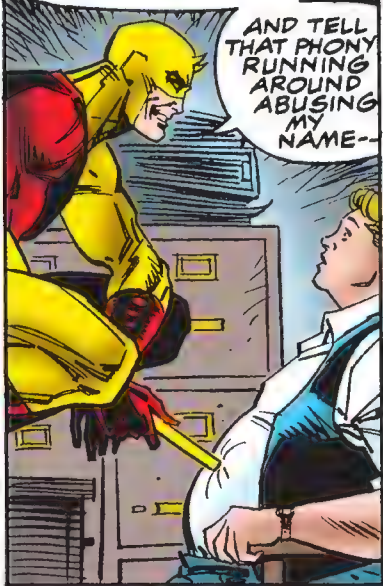


WH-WHO ARE YOU?!



WHO DO I LOOK LIKE?

BETTER SPREAD THE WORD, COUNSELOR: DAREDEVIL'S BACK. THE REAL DAREDEVIL.



AND TELL THAT PHONY RUNNING AROUND ABUSING MY NAME--



--TO WATCH HIS BACK!



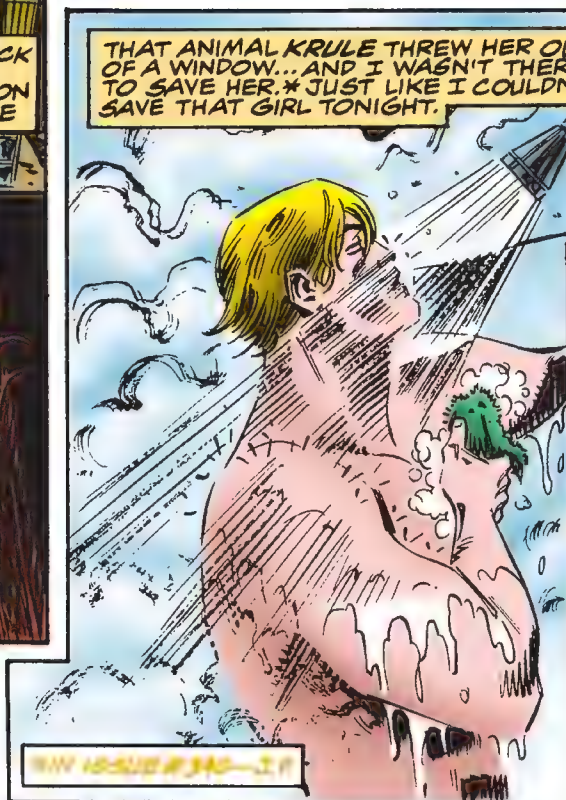
I THINK--

--I NEED A COUPLE OF SLICES OF PIZZA.



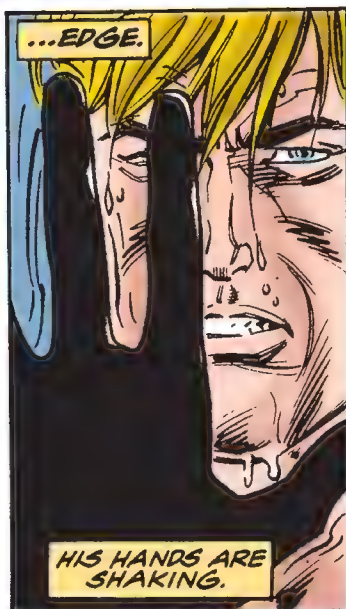


GLORIANNA, JACK BATLIN THINKS SHE'S THE REASON I'M FEELING LIKE THIS.



THAT ANIMAL KRULE THREW HER OUT OF A WINDOW... AND I WASN'T THERE TO SAVE HER. \* JUST LIKE I COULDN'T SAVE THAT GIRL TONIGHT.

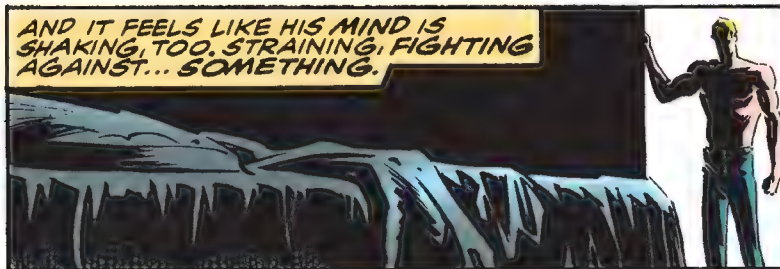
GLORIANNA, SURE, THAT'S PROBABLY WHY I'VE BEEN HALF OUT OF MY MIND LATELY. WHY I'VE BEEN SO ON...



...EDGE.

HIS HANDS ARE SHAKING.

AND IT FEELS LIKE HIS MIND IS SHAKING, TOO. STRAINING, FIGHTING AGAINST... SOMETHING.



SOMETHING DARK AND HUGE THAT'S TRYING TO... WHAT? BREAK IN FROM THE OUTSIDE? OR MOVE UP AND OUT--FROM DEEP INSIDE?

JUST GRIEF, HE FINALLY DECIDES.



I'M

CRAZY

WITH

GRIEF.



BATLIN...

(NO! NOT BATLIN! BATLIN'S A LIE! I'M MATT MURDOCK!)

NO FEAR.

...FEELS HIMSELF FALLING: HELPLESS AND RESIGNED, STRANGELY CALM.

AFTER ALL HE'S "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR." ISN'T THAT WHAT THE PAPERS CALL HIM? AND IF HE CAN'T FACE DEATH CALMLY--WHO CAN?

(MURDOCK'S DEAD! LET HIM STAY DEAD! BURIED DEEP IN THE GROUND!)

BUT THEN HE REALIZES --THAT HE'S NOT THE ONE WHO'S FALLING. THEY ARE.

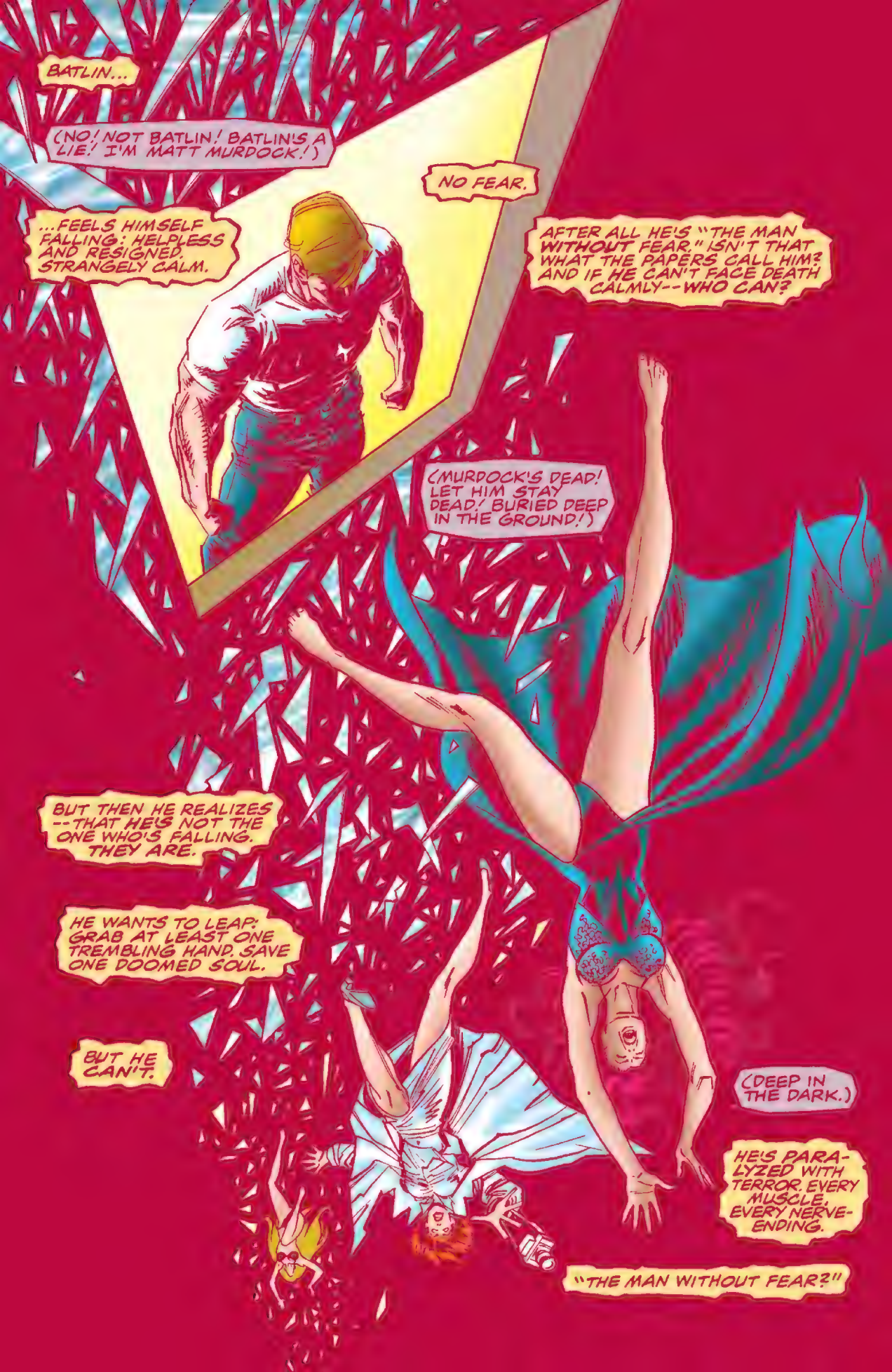
HE WANTS TO LEAP: GRAB AT LEAST ONE TREMBLING HAND. SAVE ONE DOOMED SOUL.

BUT HE CAN'T.

(DEEP IN THE DARK.)

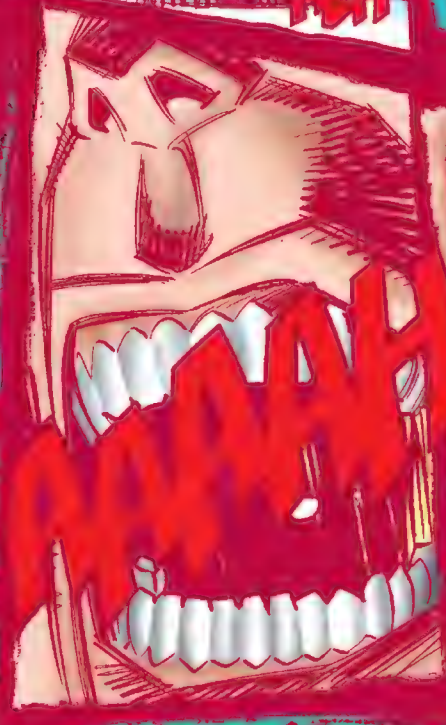
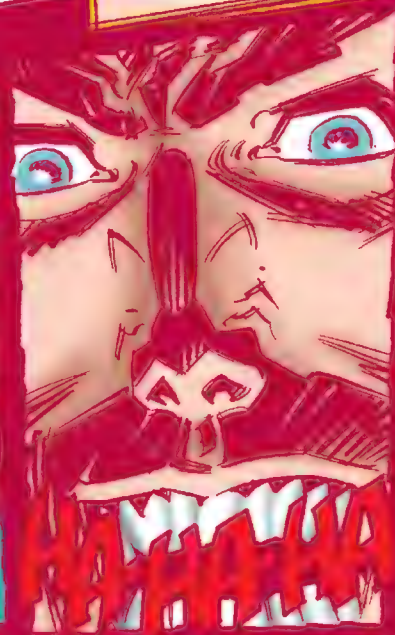
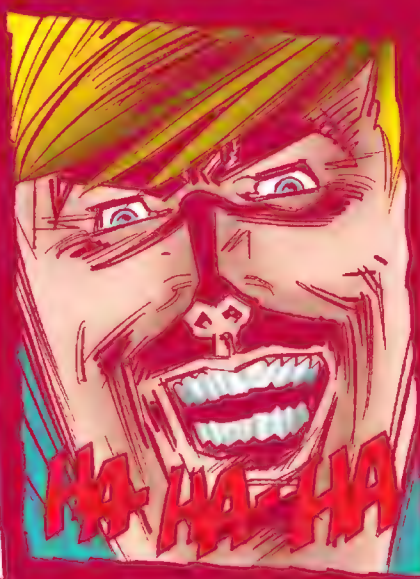
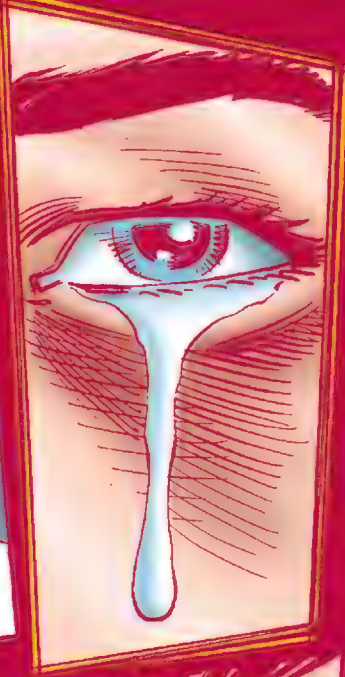
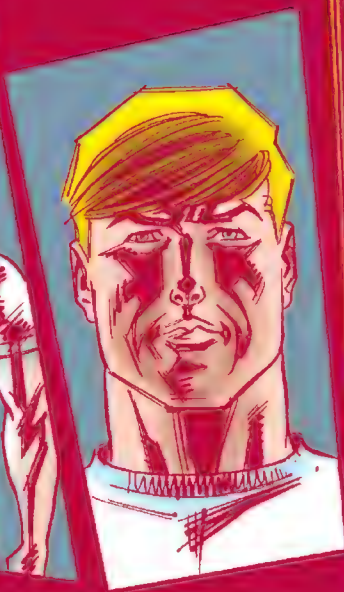
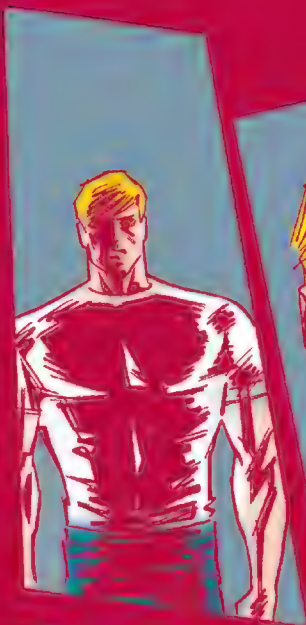
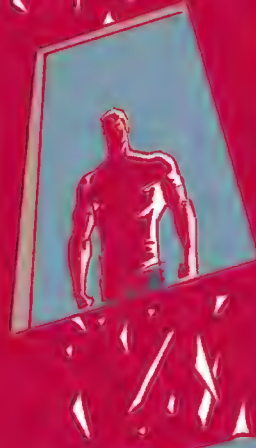
HE'S PARALYZED WITH TERROR. EVERY MUSCLE, EVERY NERVE-ENDING.

"THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR?"

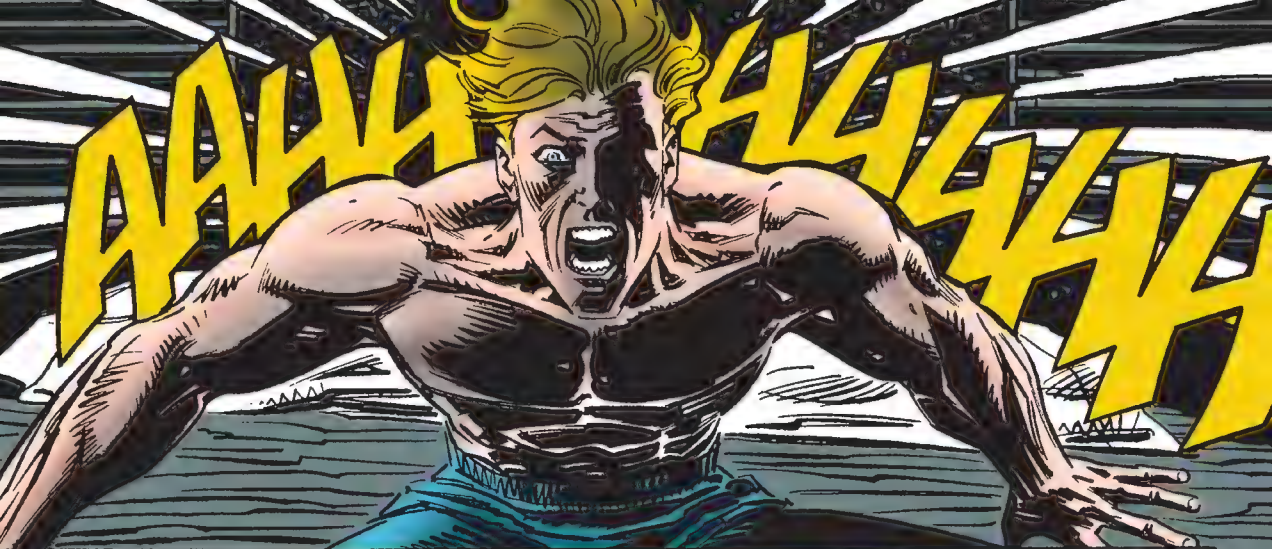




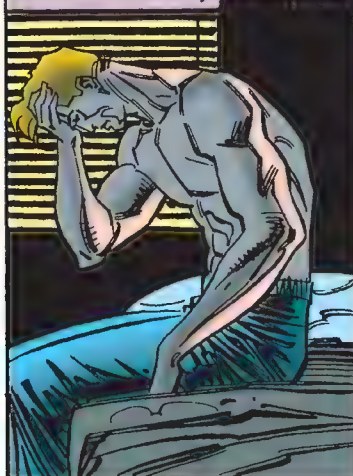
HE'S NOTHING  
BUT FEAR.



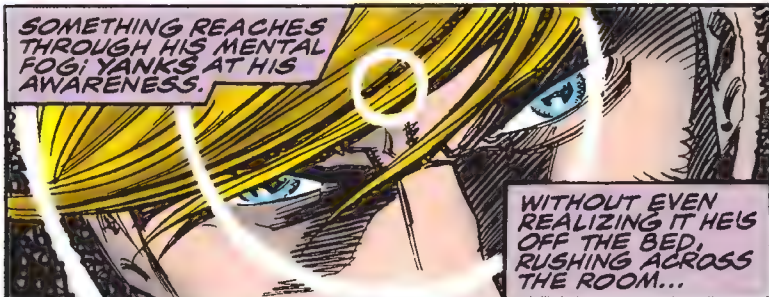




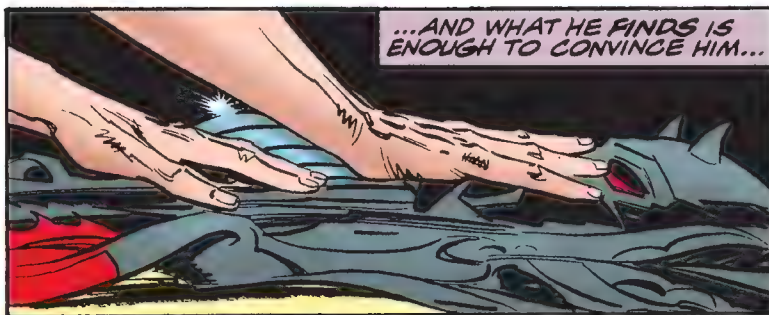
HE SITS THERE, THICK-HEADED AND DAZED, TRYING TO ORIENT HIMSELF: WHAT ROOM AM I IN? WHAT DAY IS THIS? WHAT CITY? WHAT COUNTRY? WHAT WORLD?



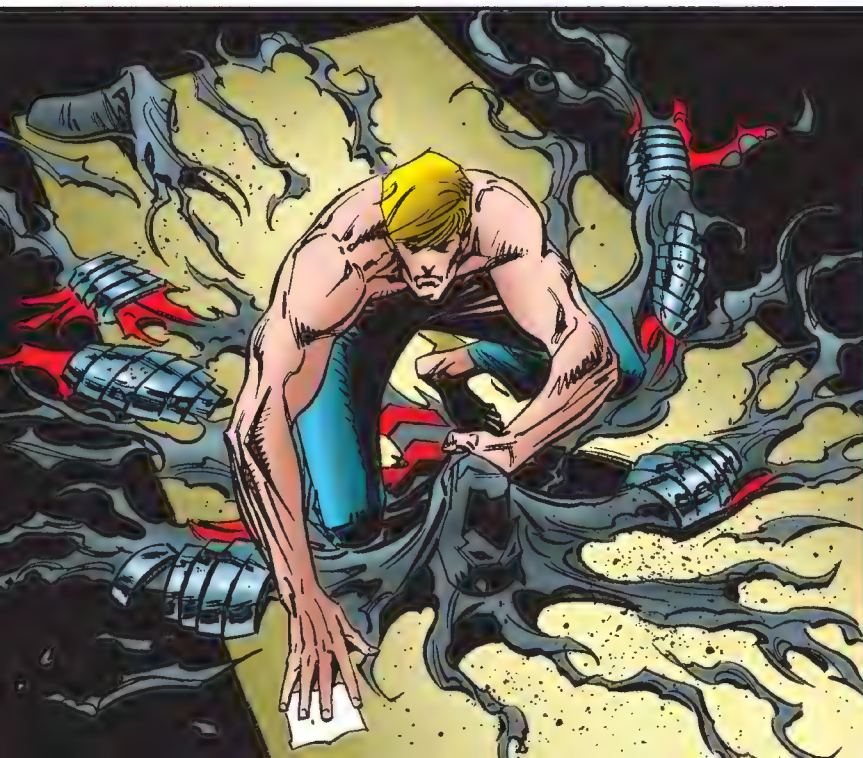
SOMETHING REACHES THROUGH HIS MENTAL FOG; YANKS AT HIS AWARENESS.



WITHOUT EVEN REALIZING IT HE'S OFF THE BED, RUSHING ACROSS THE ROOM...



...AND WHAT HE FINDS IS ENOUGH TO CONVINCE HIM...



...THAT THE NIGHTMARE ISN'T JUST IN HIS HEAD.


**THE PAST  
WON'T STAY  
BURIED!!**







"CALL  
ME  
SIR."



THAT'S WHAT HE  
SAYS BEFORE HE  
SNAPS THEIR  
NECKS. BEFORE  
HE TAKES THEIR  
SOFTNESS AND  
CRUSHES IT.  
OBLITERATES  
IT. "CALL ME..."


"...SIR."

THAT'S HIS  
NAME NOW.  
HIS ONLY  
NAME.

THE PAST IS DEAD, AS  
FAR AS HE'S CONCERNED.  
ANYTHING... ANYONE...  
HE WAS BEFORE, IS  
ROTTING IN A GRAVE--  
EATEN BY WORMS AND  
MAGGOTS.

SO HE KNEELS IN  
PRAYER: NOT TO GOD,  
BUT TO HIMSELF. TO  
HIS MALENESS.

TO THE PRIMAL  
VIRILITY SIR WORSHIPS  
ABOVE ALL.

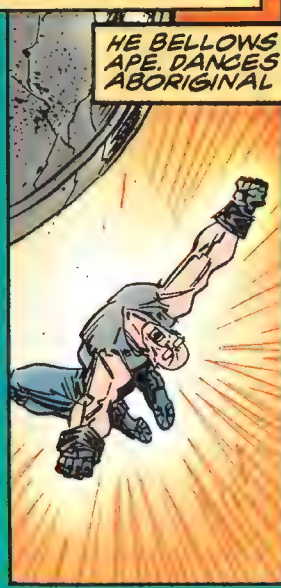


TO BE A MAN--  
IS EVERYTHING.

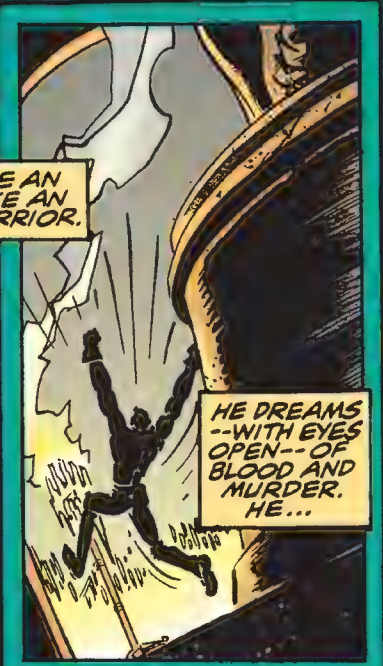


AND WOMAN-- THAT  
GENTLE, FRAIL, PATHETIC  
CREATURE...

...IS TO BE LOATHED.  
DESTROYED.

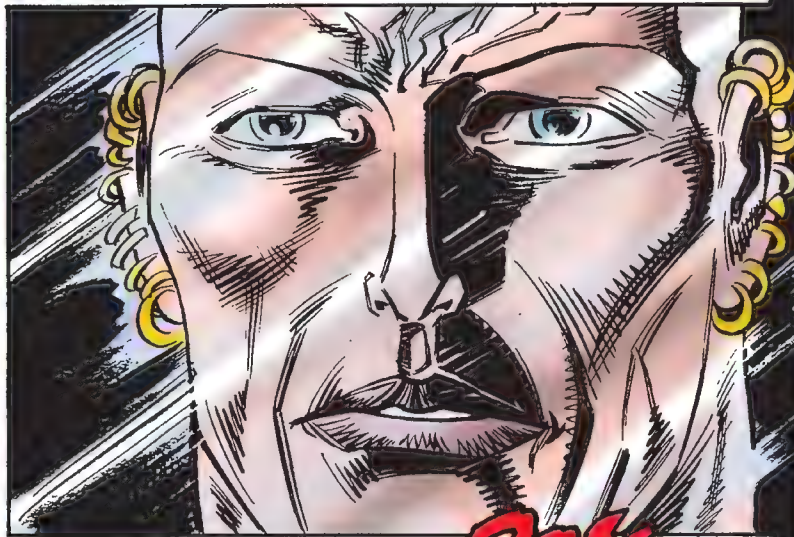
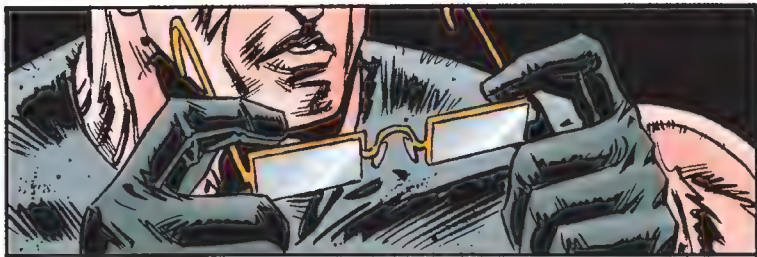
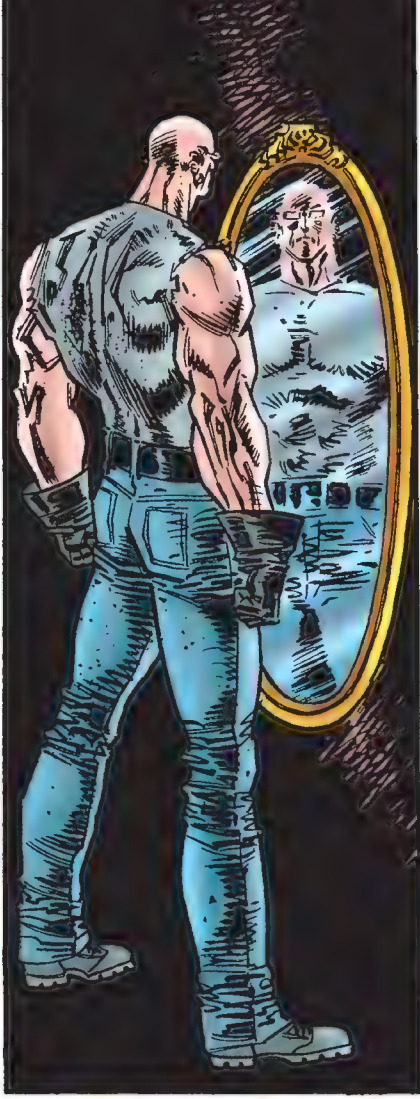


HE BELLOWS LIKE AN  
APE. DANCES LIKE AN  
ABORIGINAL WARRIOR.



HE DREAMS  
--WITH EYES  
OPEN-- OF  
BLOOD AND  
MURDER.  
HE...





...HATES  
HIMSELF!

RRRASHH



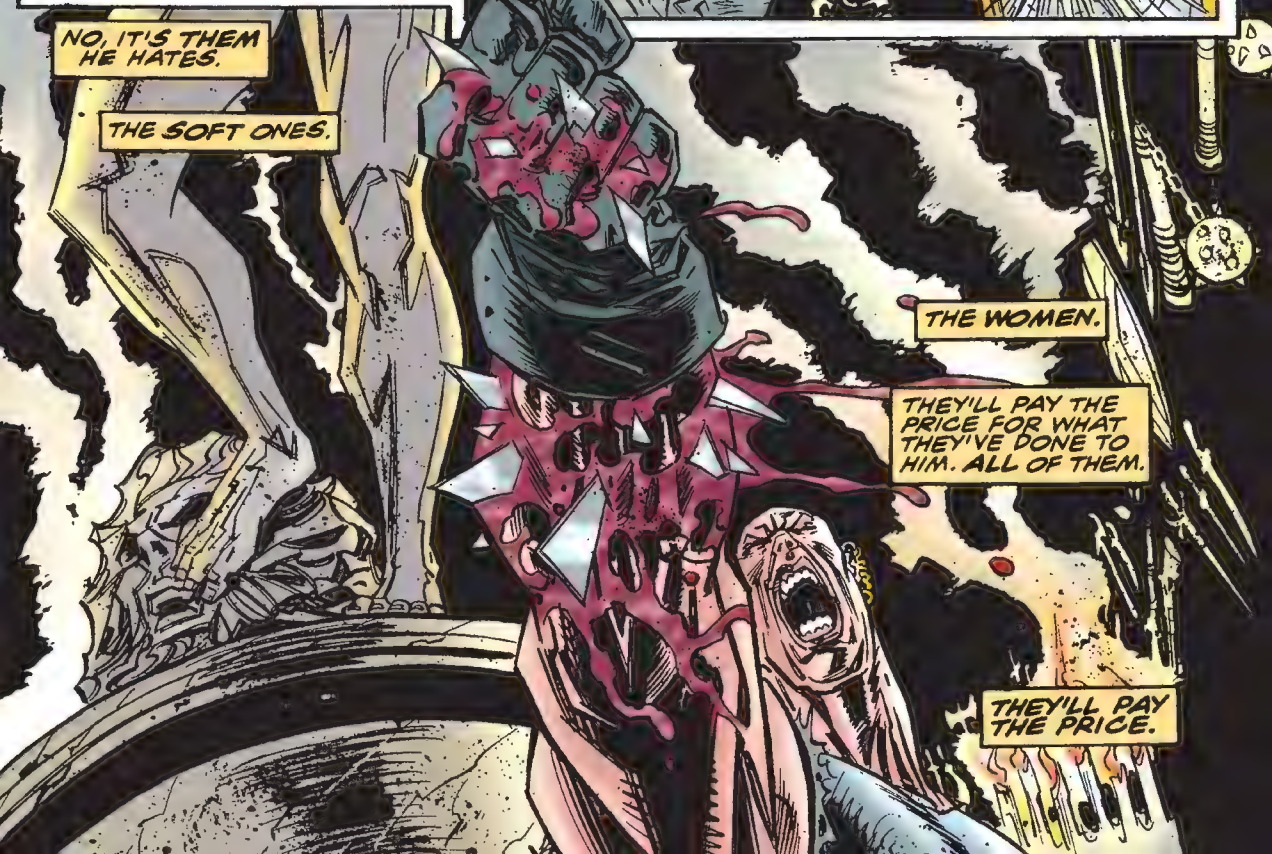
NO, IT'S THEM  
HE HATES.

THE SOFT ONES.


THE WOMEN.

THEY'LL PAY THE  
PRICE FOR WHAT  
THEY'VE DONE TO  
HIM. ALL OF THEM.

THEY'LL PAY  
THE PRICE.





A full-page comic book illustration of Daredevil in his red suit, swinging on a rope over a city skyline. He is holding the rope with his right hand, and his left hand is holding a white cane. The city below is filled with tall buildings, and a yellow energy trail is visible behind him as he swings. The text is arranged in several speech bubbles around the character.

SOMEONE HAS INVADED  
JACK BATLIN'S HOME.  
SLIPPED IN, LIKE A  
GHOST, AND DESTROYED  
DAREDEVIL'S COSTUME.

BUT THAT'S JUST  
ONE DAREDEVIL.  
HE'S BEEN MANY  
OVER THE YEARS.

AND HE CAN BECOME  
THEM AGAIN.

IT FELT STRANGE, TO SLIP  
INTO THE OLD REDS.  
TO BE FREE OF THE ARMOR,  
OF THE WEIGHT OF JACK  
BATLIN'S LIES.

FOR A MOMENT, HE FEELS  
EXHILARATED. FEELS LIKE  
MURDOCK.

THEN HE THINKS OF  
THE NOTE-- "THE PAST  
WON'T STAY BURIED"--  
AND EXHILARATION  
TURNS TO ANGER.

SOMEONE IS PLAYING  
WITH HIM. SOMEONE WHO  
KNOWS. AND HE'S DETER-  
MINED TO FIND OUT WHO.  
AND WHY.



AND HOW.

"THE PAST  
WON'T STAY  
BURIED" HERE,  
IN THIS LONG  
ISLAND GRAVE-  
YARD, IS WHERE  
DAREDEVIL  
BURIED HIS PAST.



...DESECRATED!



BUT THEN HE REMINDS HIMSELF THAT HE'S  
VERY MUCH ALIVE. THAT MATT MURDOCK  
ISN'T TRULY DOWN THERE IN THAT GRAVE...

OR THOUGHT  
HE DID.

DESECRATED! HIS  
OWN GRAVE...

...HELLSPAWN IS.







HELLSPAWN--THE DOPPELGANGER BURIED IN MURDOCK'S PLACE! THAT, HE DECIDES, MUST BE IT!

(NO, NOT THE CREATURE! IT'S MURDOCK!)

HELLSPAWN'S NOT DEAD AT ALL! HE NEVER WAS!

(HE HATES ME FOR KILLING HIM! FOR BURYING HIM ALIVE!)



HE'S COME BACK...



(MURDOCK'S CLAWED HIS WAY OUT...)



...AND HE'S HUNGRY FOR VENGEANCE! HE'S--



(...AND HE'S GOING TO MAKE ME PAY! HE'S--)



DAREDEVIL STOPS HIMSELF--AMAZED AT WHAT HE'S THINKING, WHAT HE'S DOING:

CLAWING AT THE EARTH LIKE AN ANIMAL! TREMBLING--LIKE A FRIGHTENED LITTLE BOY!



HIS RADAR-SENSE PROBES THE GRAVESITE--AND HE FINDS, TO HIS RELIEF, THAT HELLSPAWN IS STILL THERE, STILL VERY MUCH DEAD.



